

## Jane, Pt. 1 by EvieSmallwood

**Series:** [Jane \[1\]](#)

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**Summary:**

El tells Mike her real name.

## Jane, Pt. 1

### Author's Note:

Hey! Back at it again with some mileven! I wrote this while listening to a bunch of vaporwave so it's really just... emotions. Hope you enjoy!

*-Not Just One Thing-*

It's raining.

She opens her eyes, blearily staring through the dark. The first thing she sees is the water pouring down the window, illuminated by the moon. There's something calming about it.

It's only after a minute or so that she registers she isn't quite sure where she is; a bed, in a room, at night. The quilt beneath her is cool to the touch, but if she stretches her fingers out just a little more, it grows warmer.

Breathing.

A dark mass is curled up nearby, chest rising and falling in slow even motions. El swallows, reaches out, and touches a sleeve.

It's soft. Soft, *good*.

"El?"

All of her worries ease away with the sound of his voice. She sees him move. The bed shifts a little, mattress creaking. His hand finds home in her own. "You okay?"

"Good now," she replies, almost instantly. It is, even if underneath all of this momentary comfort there's a lingering anxiety burrowing in her stomach. She can feel okay, right now. She can feel happy.

She can smile when he scoots a little closer, almost leaning over her but not quite. His face—pale and freckled—is suddenly visible in the white light.

“You sure?”

El nods. She squeezes his hand, hoping that’ll help. It’s what Hop always does when he wants to let her know, for certain, so that she’s absolutely *positive*.

Mike’s lip quirks upward. His eyes flicker over her features like he’s taking her in. There’s something hungry about it, and she thinks she might look the same. She’s been *starving*, for the last three hundred and fifty three days. Not anymore.

“Your hair...” he reaches out and lightly tugs one of her curls, all wide eyes and flushed cheeks. She realises it’s been rinsed out—and she’s wearing pyjamas, too. There’s a sudden vague memory of Nancy helping her into the shower, telling her to *just stay awake*, and that *everything was okay*, and that *she’d done such a good job*.

“Bad?”

“No,” Mike shakes his head firmly, a grin splitting his face, and wraps a strand of her hair around his finger. “Really pretty.”

She feels herself relax. “Good.”

Mike hesitates, and then withdraws his hand. She doesn’t mind much; all that matters is that he’s here. So close.

“What you did... it was really brave. I’m proud of you.”

She feels her cheeks warm up. El averts her eyes, because his own are so full of feelings that she doesn’t understand and it’s so much. She focuses on the ceiling fan above them. It’s whirring lightly, string twitching.

“El, are you—”

“Jane.”

She doesn’t know why she says it, really. It slips through her lips like a secret, filling the chasmic silence between them.

His brows furrow. “Who?”

El bites her lip. She points to herself. “Jane. Ives.”

It feels wrong to call herself that, but for some reason it also feels wrong not to tell him. It’s like something he should have known all along. Something they *both* should have known.

Mike stares at her for a long moment, taking it in. “Jane,” he repeats. “That’s your real name?”

*Real.* Is it? It doesn’t feel that way. Not as real as other things, and so she shakes her head. “Just how I started,” she says. “Still El.”

Mike swallows. “You’re... you’re sure?”

“You gave it to me,” she says, like it’s obvious. “Of course.”

There’s a small pause for each of them, and she almost knows what’s coming next, but it still surprises her when he leans down to kiss her. It’s soft, but deeper than the one they shared before. It feels like he’s breathing new life into her, and she can’t help but pull him a little closer.

Mike jerks back like he’s been shocked and bites his lip. “I’m glad you’re home.”

She thinks, briefly, of all of those times she almost had been. All of those times she’d visited him in the void. It had been like looking through a window.

A smile spreads across her lips. “Me too.”

### **Author's Note:**

Part two will be posted tomorrow. It’s a little longer  
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